

The Anglican Digest

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in the Anglican Communion*

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*An Episcopal miscellany
reflecting the ministry of the faithful
throughout the Anglican Communion.*

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FROM THE EDITOR

BIRTHDAYS and anniversaries have always been a significant part of Hillspeak, which takes its name from its location on mid-America's highest mountain range and from its corporate title, the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Arts and Knowledge (that SPEAK of the Church). We are pleased to offer this birthday present to our readers—a special Anniversary Issue of *The Anglican Digest* containing some of the “best” of TAD’s thirty-five years of ministry. This issue also celebrates the fortieth anniversary of the Episcopal Book Club.

When the first issue of TAD was sent into the world on a bright, sunny morning in 1958, it revealed a Church of both tradition and expectancy. The real life of the Church over the following years is reflected in these pages—by turns jubilant and sorrowful, affirming and questioning, but always faithful.

We trust you will enjoy this special gift as much as we have enjoyed putting it together for you.

C. Frederick Barbee

Back cover photo: Barbara E. Martin

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY



Lambeth Palace London SE1 7JU

I AM DELIGHTED to send anniversary greetings to The Anglican Digest on its thirty-fifth birthday.

Our Anglican Communion is a family of Churches, each with its own character and customs, each one called to be a community of Christ in its own land. We share together the deep things of the Spirit, and our common history and common traditions bind us together across the world.

Essential to our fellowship is the sharing of family news, so that our prayers can be informed by each others concerns and hopes. So I welcome all those journals and publications like The Anglican Digest that keep us in touch with each other, and what we are thinking.

An ancient collect prays that we may "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" the word of God. To do so we need the aid of others who have pondered the word of God, interpreted and expounded it, and helped us to understand it in the light of the contemporary world. That is how I see the task of the Anglican Digest, and in gratitude for its witness over 35 years I pray that it will continue faithful to this vocation for many years to come.

George Carey

FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

IN THE SUMMER of 1959 I was assigned to work as a seminarian for the Rev. Christopher Keller, Rector of St. John's Church, Harrison, Arkansas. Part of my responsibilities was to hold services in St. James' Church, Eureka Springs and in St. Andrew's Church, Mountain Home. It was that summer that the small town of Eureka Springs was full of talk about a priest from Nevada, Missouri, the Rev. Howard Foland, who had purchased several hundred acres of land near Eureka Springs in order to move the operation of the Episcopal Book Club to the mountains of northwest Arkansas. He had also established *The Anglican Digest* in order to promote the Book Club.

When I returned to northwest Arkansas the following June as Vicar of St. Andrew's, Rogers, St. James', Eureka Springs, St. Thomas, Springdale, and Grace, Siloam Springs, Father Foland was settled in the Rhodes farmhouse, and the Book Club and the *Anglican Digest* were housed in the wonderful old Ozark barn, now a beautiful red. Over the years we became friends, and I soon found myself on the Board of Trustees of the corporation governing the Book Club and the

Digest. In a short time I found myself Chairman of the Board, and have remained so until now.

Father Foland was a genius—one gifted not only with vision but an ability to bring dreams into reality. His command of the English language was superb.

For forty years the Church has been nurtured by the selections of the Book Club. Nearly one million copies of 160 books have been sent to Anglicans all around the world. Old classics of theology have been brought back into print, and new works have been encouraged for the edification of the faithful. Operation Pass Along has received 72,386 books from Anglican clergy and lay people all over the Church. We have sent 59,749 of these books to seminarians, parish librarians, members of the clergy and lay people all around the world.

The *Anglican Digest* is now mailed to over 150,000 households and has a total readership of over 300,000. It offers the best of what is being written around the Church. It does not engage in issues, but in the proclamation of the Word. It is read around the world, and is constantly seeking ways to expand its ministry of the written word to the Church. This

has been its task for the last 35 years.

As we celebrate these two birthdays, 40 years for the EBC, 35 years for TAD, we renew our dedication to build up the Church through the printed word, and give thanks for the vision and dedication of Father Foland.

Edward L. Salmon



—The Rt. Rev. Edward L. Salmon, Jr.
Chairman of SPEAK, Inc.
XIII Bishop of South Carolina

AN INTERCESSION

O LORD Jesus,
who knowest them that are
thine,

When thou rewardest thy servants the prophets, remember, we beseech thee, for good, those who have taught us, rebuked us, counselled us, guided us;

And in that day show them mercy.

When thou rewardest the saints, remember, we beseech thee, for good, those who have surrounded us with holy influences, borne with us, forgiven us, sacrificed themselves for us, loved us;

And in that day show them mercy.

When thou rewardest the great that fear thy Name, remember, we beseech thee, for good, those who have been our patterns of any virtue or grace, of repentance, acknowledgment of offenses, begging of pardon, obedience, patience, perseverance;

And in that day show them mercy.

When thou rewardest the small that fear thy Name, remember, we beseech thee, for good, ignorant disciples, halting followers, weak cross-bearers, the kneelers on feeble knees, the faithful believers who faint not utterly;

But in that day show us mercy.
Amen.

THE FATHER FOUNDER

HOWARD LANE FOLAND, 81, self-styled "Assistant Janitor of Hillspeak" and, in later years, "Ogre of the Ozarks," died on Tuesday, 19 September 1989. His body was buried in St. Mark's Cemetery at his beloved Hillspeak in the Arkansas Ozarks and a Requiem Eucharist was celebrated by the present editor of TAD at the Church of St. Michael and St. George, St. Louis.

Born 22 May 1908, he was priested in 1941 and served as an Army chaplain, rector of All Saints' Parish, Nevada, Missouri, and priest-in-charge at St. Peter's Church, Harrisonville, also in Missouri, in the 40s and 50s. He arrived at Hillspeak, then known as the Silver Cloud Ranch, on St. Mark's Day, 1960, and lived out his life in what he fondly called "these lovely parts."

The Episcopal Book Club, which he founded in Nevada in 1953, has had a marked influence on the reading habits of countless Episcopalians and Anglicans throughout the world. EBC now celebrated its 40th Anniversary, an auspicious occasion for a venture that was begun with 80 members and "misappropriated funds"

(Father Foland's parishioners had given him \$250 at Christmas to buy himself new clothes).

In 1958, still in Nevada, he founded *The Anglican Digest*, affectionately known as "TAD" to its readers, "a miscellany reflecting the words and work of the faithful throughout the Anglican Communion" and which sometimes has been described as made up of "some things old, many things new, most things borrowed, everything true." The "Ogre" had an eye—and an ear—for words and his careful editing of TAD reflected his love of the English language.

In the acquisition of land for Hillspeak, in the selection of the "Books-of-the Season" for EBC, in the editing of *The Anglican Digest*, in the implementing of Operation Pass Along, the peculiar genius that was Father Foland's has left its mark.

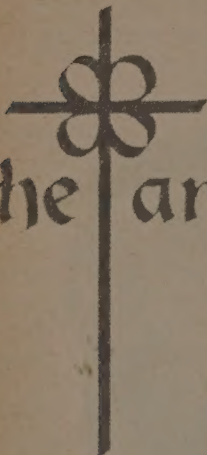
A Kansan by birth, and in later years, totally adverse to stirring off his mountaintop, Father Foland gained first-hand knowledge of the country when in his youth he traveled the nation ("from Florida to Wyoming") with his parents by car. It was in Columbus, Mississippi, while working on a railroad survey crew, that he "found the Church." He studied architecture at Washington Uni-



versity in St. Louis and “flunked everything but swimming” and then went on to win scholastic honors in English at Kenyon College and was graduated *cum laude*. His seminary was Seabury-Western, which awarded him an honorary doctorate in divinity in 1965. Eight years later, the Episcopal Theological School in Kentucky made him an honorary Doctor of Letters. In between those two honors, the American Church Union voted him its Keble Award “in recognition of distinguished service to God and the Church.”

In an article written for *The Bulletin* of Seabury-Western several years ago, he was described as “that rarest of men; a visionary who specializes in making dreams come true.” Today some of those dreams—the Episcopal Book Club, *The Anglican Digest*, Operation Pass Along, Hillspeak itself—have come true. And the others are a lot closer to fruition than if there had not been a Howard Lane Foland, priest, defender of the Faith, hard-working servant of the Church.

—The Resident Manager



SUMMER A. D. 1958

the anglican digest

- ✦ some things old
- ✦ many things new
- ✦ most things borrowed
- ✦ everything true

A quarterly miscellany reflecting the words and work of the Churches of the Anglican Communion

T HIS is the first issue of The Anglican Digest; it comes to you with the compliments and best wishes of The Episcopal Book Club. We hope that it and subsequent issues will be acceptable and welcome.

TAD was planned a long time ago (we called it "Operation Nutshell"), and was born of need, rather than example, competition, or commercialism. Its sole purpose is to serve the Church by providing, through carefully selected articles and the clearest kind of reporting, a better understanding and greater appreciation of the Church of our rich inheritance. As with the Episcopal Book Club, TAD's selections will be "entirely interesting" and "positively sound"—in strict accordance with the historic Faith as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer.

We think that TAD is unique; we know that we have a great deal to learn. For our lack of experience, we ask your indulgence. Let us all hope and pray that our little TAD may grow "in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."

THE BEST OF TAD . . . beginning in 1958

HOW TO GET ALONG WITH YOUR PRIEST

1. Respect all persons in Holy Orders: they are Christ's ministers.

2. Don't call your priest by his first name.

3. Look upon your priest as a spiritual leader and require him to be just that.

4. Show him the courtesies that reflect respect for his high calling; he is the first citizen of your parish.

5. Expect him to emphasize the faith and to teach it. He has something you desperately need; give him a chance to let you share it.

6. Meditate on his good points (everybody has some): talk him up, not down.

7. Don't monopolize his time. He is not your private chaplain. He is very busy. He'll be glad to give you all the time you need, but don't take more than that.

8. Don't judge him for his preaching alone. Not all priests have the gift. To be a good teacher and pastor is better than being only a brilliant preacher.

9. Welcome his calls, and talk

the Faith with him. That's why he came to see you.

10. Pray for him: he needs it. He has the most exalted and the most difficult job of anybody. He is trying to be a saint, a teacher, a pastor, an organizer, a speaker, a business man, an editor, a counsellor, a money raiser, a welfare worker, a father in God, and a dozen other things—all of the time. He doesn't want your sympathy, but he does need the strength of God and your support. Your prayers and cooperation will help to give him that. — *The Rector of Trinity Parish, New York City, in The Northeast.*)

FAITHFULNESS

THE ONLY KIND of priest I am interested in helping to produce is the utterly and invariably faithful man of God who is never anything but a priest. When we are admitted to the priesthood we are admitted for life and for eternity, and no matter how we defile our hands, they are still anointed hands. We cannot don and doff our priesthood at will. This the seminarian must be taught, and he must face it, submit to it, and glory in it.

—A seminary dean

OBSTACLES

ANYONE who argues that the Churches of the Anglican Communion were born at the Reformation out of the frustrated will of King Henry VIII meets two formidable obstacles in the ancient Sees of Canterbury and York. The history of the See of Canterbury began with St. Augustine's coming to the shores of Kent in 597. Although dispatched by Pope Gregory the Great, Augustine was surprised to find an ancient Church already very much on the scene in Britain; true, it was a rustic Church with none of the cultivation of the Mediterranean, but it possessed all the essentials of the Catholic Faith. Nevertheless, the See of Canterbury was established and became the primatial See of England. (The older See of London was originally so intended, but the Saint's haughtiness prevented his acceptance there.)—*The Beacon* (Northern Indiana).

"When it comes to giving, some people stop at nothing."—Church of Ireland Gazette



THE OFFICIAL shield of the American Church is similar to that of the Church of England, to which Church the former "is indebted, under God, for her first foundation and long continuance of nursing care and protection." The English shield is a red cross on a white field (also the shield of St. George, England's patron saint), but the American shield has in addition a blue field with nine crosslets, in the canton, or first quarter. Thus the shield symbolizes (1) the Church's heritage from, and indebtedness to, the Church of England, (2) the nine original dioceses of the American Church, and (3) the Scottish Church from which the first American bishop received apostolic consecration (the cross symbolizes St. Andrew, patron saint of Scotland). The three colors signify, in this instance, purity (white), the blood of martyrdom (red), and fidelity (blue).

H E THAT is holy, let him be holy still, and still more holy; and never think he hath done his work till all be finished by perserverance, and the measures of perfection in a holy life, and a holy death; but at no hand must he magnify himself by vain separations from others, or despising them that are not so holy. — Jeremy Taylor in *Rules for a Priest* (1661)

BRIDE'S CAKE

LEGEND has it that a London baker, wanting a new idea for decorating a cake, looked out from his shop on Ludgate Hill, which is topped by St. Paul's Cathedral Church, and saw, on the next rise beyond, the many-tiered steeple of St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street. What he fashioned became known as the "Bride's Cake"—the traditional form of a wedding cake.

St. Bride's Fleet Street, is named after one of Ireland's greatest and best-known saints, Bridget (Brigid, Bride), most famous for the foundation of the double monastery (men and women—not uncommon in those days) at Kildare (Killdara—church of the oak), about 40 miles southwest of Dublin and where the cathedral church is appropriately named St. Brigid. The Abbess of Kildare is regarded as the patroness of Irish women (as St. Patrick is of the men), which explains why so many women, especially Irish ones, have been named Bridget and why serving maids and cleaning women were eventually called "biddies."

In the early days St. Bridget (d. 525) was much honored in Scotland and in those parts of England which were directly in contact

with Celtic life and culture, and that accounts for the choice of her name for the church on what is now called Fleet Street. (Fleet was the name of a channel or river which has long been covered over by Bridge Street.) →



St. Bride's Church is first mentioned in 12th century; it was rebuilt by Christopher Wren in 1670, was burned out in a 1940 air raid, and was rebuilt in 1956-57, largely by funds supplied by surrounding newspaper firms. Samuel Pepys was baptized there, and the names of many famous writers and newspaper men are to be found on the labels of the pews; indeed it is known as the "Parish Church of the Press" or more popularly the "Cathedral of Fleet Street."

The steeple (built in 1701-03) has five octagonal stages and is the loftiest in the City; it was miraculously spared in the bombing, and has been aptly called a "madrigal in stone." The spire is "so narrow that it projects . . . like a hollyhock escaped from the pressure of undergrowth." Since the name Bridget means "lofty" or "august," the charming church with its graceful and towering steeple has been well dedicated, and it is fitting and proper that a church which bears the name of such a lovely and pious virgin should lend the fashion of its praiseworthy form to the making of a Bride's Cake. —Submitted

With Divine Permission and human endeavor the next issue of *The Anglican Digest* will reach you by the Sunday next before Advent.

LEADERSHIP

THE CHARACTERISTIC genius of Anglicanism, and the inherent energy of grace which has kept the Church firm throughout four centuries are seen more clearly in the lives of nine great Anglicans than in any formal history. They are men of strikingly firm character and strongly individual gifts, yet between them they build a composite picture of the Christian communion which stands as a bridge between the Catholic and Protestant traditions of the Christian faith.

They are not founding fathers, since they were all born into the Church, yet the life of each one is a strand without which the Church of today would be the poorer. There are Cranmer and Hooker, by whom the Church found a definition of its boundaries; Ken and Law, of the saintly lives; Bray, the burning missionary; Wilson, the shepherd of souls and father of his people; Woodward, who single-handed founded school after school for Christian education; Neale, whose hymns did much to recover for Anglicans the lost heritage of Catholic devotion; Gore, who was scholar, pastor and teacher in the seed-time of the tractarian revival.

—*The Bridge Builders*

POLICY

THE EDITOR reserves the right to be dogmatic, high-handed, and arrogant in treating material submitted. He claims the freedom to edit ruthlessly every single scrap of every scrappy chappy's singular effort—all of which means that the Editor will forego all reason, discretion, and judgment. Furthermore, when faced with the necessity of blue-pencil carnage, he will renounce all taste, heart, sensitivity, and consideration. He promises to be a perfect cad when admitting or omitting articles furnished by contributors who have every right in the world to expect that not one comma of their masterpiece would be jostled.

Finally, the deadline for all articles shall be the 15th of the month preceding date of publication. There shall be no exceptions to the rule—except the Bishop, the Archdeacon, all department heads, the Chairman of the Standing Committee, all cardinal rectors with a communicant list over 703, all deacons, head acolytes, senior wardens, and wives of junior wardens. Everybody else must meet the deadline.—The Editor of *Diocese* (Rochester)

ALTAR GUILD
COMMANDMENTS

- I. Thou shalt have no boss but the rector.
- II. Thou shalt respect the sanctuary as the Holy of Holies, and do thy work with quiet motions, a quiet mind, and a quiet mouth.
- III. Thou shalt be a devout communicant.
- IV. Remember thy days, and let nothing keep thee from performing thy duty.
- V. Honour the traditions and memorials of thy church.
- VI. Thou shalt be in love and charity with thy fellow workers.
- VII. Thou shalt keep the linen spotless, the fabrics clean and pressed, and the silver and brass shining and bright.
- VIII. Thou shalt take care of the sanctuary, and leave the raising of money to the vestry and other bodies.
- IX. Thou shalt be tolerant and understanding of thy neighbour's traditions and customs.
- X. Thou shalt not be satisfied with second-best for God's throne.

—Taddled from
The Edmonton Churchman

QUESTION

HOW CAN ONE explain to Protestant friends who ask, "Why do your ministers read prayers from a book?"

The snappiest answer is, "for the same reason that you sing hymns from a book; so that we may do it together." (The words to many hymns are prayers and if your friends do not realize that they have been singing prayers from a book; perhaps they haven't been paying attention.) Perhaps the truest answer, however, is "to teach us to pray." Centuries of Christian experience are distilled in the forms of prayer in the Prayer Book; when we pour our desires and needs into them they are molded into the most beautiful, the most efficient prayer and praise man has known. Any form of words (even one made up on the spot) can be mechanical or empty, but when the Prayer Book is *prayed* (and not just read), it lifts the one who prays above his own limited vision and ability and teaches him how and what to pray for. In private and family prayer, of course, a Christian should be able to pray in his own words, whether or not they be Elizabethan, beautiful, or smooth. Whether the container be the jeweled one of the Book of Com-

mon Prayer or the crude one of our own devising, the content is what we offer to God. —Taddled

CONCERNING
THE CHOIR

THE WORD "CHOIR" comes from a Greek word and means a band of singers; the choir stalls are where the members of the choir sit in a church. They may be at the back or in a loft, but often are at the front of the building in the chancel.

The choir is not there mainly to sing for the congregation, as though they were giving a concert, but to help to lead the singing of God's praise, so that all might join together in worship. Arrangements which effectively exclude congregational participation betray the purpose of the choir, and congregations which do not heartily follow the choir's lead are letting go a valuable part of their worship.

St. Aldhelm, who was Abbot of Malmesbury in the seventh century, knew that; he would take his harp into the marketplace and play. When a crowd had gathered, he would teach them hymns and chants so that they could join in properly when they came to services in the abbey.

—Taddled from *Home Words*

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH will know that the parish church is the proper place for funerals of Episcopalians, and that the Prayer Book authorizes and orders the use of the office for "The Burial of the Dead" (1) in the church, (2) at the grave, or (3) both in the church and at the grave; it does not authorize the Office to be said for the faithful departed in lodge halls and temples, residences or mortuary "chapels": the parish church is the real and only "funeral home."

Members of the Church should, "whilst they are in health," let their families, particularly those who at the present time are not members of the Church, know that when death comes *burial from the church is expected*.

The Book of Common Prayer is the official and authorized guide for the rites and ceremonies of the Church (that is something which members of sectarian groups do not understand), and members of the clergy are only officiants or agents at the Church's services, ministers of *her* sacraments, readers of *her* ritual, and performers of *her* ceremonies. No deacon, priest, or bishop may lawfully alter any of the Church's ordered

rites and ceremonies; they are invested with the solemn duty of carrying out not only the letter but the spirit of the Church's ordinances, and their obligation to speak and act for the Church is no less than the layman's obligation to respect and follow.

The Church's Burial Office provides for no eulogy, no poems, no favorite passage of Scripture, no obituary, and so on, for the simple reason that none is needed. The Burial Office is the same for a faithful President of the United States as for the faithful trash hauler; it is the same for the faithful merchant as for the faithful failure. The Prayer Book Office has stood the test of time: the Church's experience with death and the burial of her faithful is greater than that of any neighbor, relative, or even mortician. After all, it is the Church who buries the body of the faithful departed, according to the Church's order, and under the direction of the Church's clergy.

The Burial Office is, among other things, an affirmation of our faith that "neither life nor death can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord," and, like other Prayer Book services, it is primarily an act of corporate worship rather than a private affair, and Churchmen are obligated (by vir-

tue of their membership in the Body of Christ) to be present at the burial of the faithful departed and to take their appointed part in the public recitation of that Office.

Membership in the Church is not membership in an organization but in an organism—the mystical Body of Christ. At the Burial of the Dead, we, as members one of another, join together in (1) giving thanks to God “for the good examples of all those . . . who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labours,” (2) committing the body of the faithful to the ground in a Christian manner, and (3) commending the soul to Almighty God. We do so, not as members of an organization, but as members of Christ’s family—a relationship that extends beyond the narrow limits of time and place.

If the parish priest has not been present when a member of the Church has died, he should be the first person notified of the death. Burial arrangements never should be made without first consulting him: as the parish church is the Christian’s “funeral home,” its priest is the “director” of the funeral; moreover, the parish priest is the one person to whom the bereaved may turn for competent advice, unbiased counsel, and pastoral comfort—a real Christian friend.

HOUSE CALLS

ONLY ONE minister ever came calling at our house when I was a boy, and that was only once. I can still recollect his call as stuffy, awkward, artificial and socially catastrophic.

In light of that experience you might expect me to have an aversion to pastoral calling. Not so; I firmly believe in house calls.

I visit my people so I can know them, their thoughts, and their problems. I visit them because they need to know me—and that more than casually.

Few things are more satisfying than visiting and talking with my people.

It’s no secret that most priests have incredibly full schedules; their people go at a hectic pace, too; and many congregations suffer from the effects of a mobile society.

But shortcuts will not suffice, and it is a mistake to expect group meetings and public encounters to substitute for a face-to-face relationship between priest and people. Fewer priests would need to resort to what is delicately called “ventilating sessions” if they did more house calling. It works for me and my people, and I feel sure that it would work for them and their people. — A parish bulletin

CHANGE

THE ARCHBISHOP of Paris was addressing a congregation assembled in his cathedral church (Notre Dame). "Many years ago," he said, "three youths entered this very church, not in awe and reverence, but scornful of all it stood for. They noticed a priest hearing a confession, and two of them bet the other one that he would not go over to the priest and make a false confession.

"The young man accepted the bet, but the priest, wise man that he was, knew what was going on. He waited in silence until the youth stopped speaking, and then told him, of course, that for every confession there had to be a penance. 'Your penance,' he said, 'is to go to the high altar, kneel before the great golden cross there, and say before it, "All this you did for me and I don't give a damn!"'

"I am sure," the Archbishop went on, "the young man wished then that he had never started out on his prank, but his friends kept him to his word. Hesitantly he approached the cross and sank to his knees. In a whisper he began to repeat the words the priest had bade him speak; but he was so full of shame that he could say them only once. Indeed, his words of penance became a prayer for for-

giveness; and when he arose, he was a changed person." Then, after a rather long pause, the Archbishop added, "My friends, the youth who knelt at the cross that day is the man who is speaking to you now . . ."—Taddled from *The Aberdeen and Buchan Churchman*

NO NONSENSE

"ORGANIST and Choirmaster, experienced with men and boys and mixed choirs, will accept at no salary, any Winnipeg Anglican church with pipe organ in good condition. Must be sung services throughout, Prayerbook ritual maintained with no interruption in service proper, from opening sentences to third collect, at which time green stamps or oranges, etc., may be handed out, or gimmicks of any other kind utilized. Absolute freedom to include service settings, choose hymns and tunes and to retain or reject present choir members, and if necessary (as it so often is) to instruct the clergy in the proper rendering or intonement of sentences, collects, and eucharistic rites. There must be no restriction as to purchase of music. Interested choristers will be invited to attend a voice test interview."—Advertisement in *The Communicator*, Winnipeg, Canada.



THE PRAYER BOOK



THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER came out first in 1549, much of it the work of Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had undertaken to revise and rewrite in the language of the people the services of the Church of England which theretofore had been mostly in Latin and had varied considerably throughout the realm.

The Book was not well received; conservatives and extremists equally disliked it, and ordinary folk found it unfamiliar. As is usually the case, the extremists were the most vociferous and vigorous and, with help of German, French, and other Protestant refugees, they attempted to capture the Church of England and trim its sails to the winds blowing over from the Continent.

They wanted to whack away as much as they could—holy days, ceremonies at Baptism, vestments, and the like; one of them, Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, whom the Standing Liturgical Commission (Prayer Book Studies XVI) would have us remember on 16 October, went so far as to order the destruction of altars throughout his diocese.

The extremists managed to bypass Convocation (the general meeting body of the Church) and push through Parliament the 1552 Prayer Book.

Officially, the new revision lasted only eight months, for upon the death of Edward VI, whose short reign was in the hands of Protestant regents, the papist Mary came to the throne and the old Latin services and service books popped up again.

Some five years later Elizabeth I became the sovereign, and the 1552 Prayer Book was restored to use. When James I came to the throne, Puritans and Presbyterians once again clamored to be rid of the old ways. To allow a little peace in the land, the King summoned to Hampton Court a conference of Anglican bishops and priests and Puritan ministers early in January, heard their complaints and defenses, determined certain alterations (for the most part they were in keeping with the Catholic tradition of the Church, rather than new-fangled Protestant aberrations), and that year issued by royal authority but with the assent of Convocation the Prayer Book of 1604.

Forty years later (1645) the Book of Common Prayer was totally suppressed—again by the Protestants; but when the monarchy was restored fifteen years later, the Prayer Book came back too. The unhappy Protestants raised another howl, and Charles II called a conference of Anglicans and Presbyterians to settle the matter. Meeting in London's Savoy Palace (now destroyed except for the Queen's Chapel, which was rebuilt in 1864), the bishops refused to give in on fun-

damentals, conceded only minor points. Convocation went to work on a revision and produced in 1662 a Prayer Book which found royal assent and Parliament's sanction, but not Puritan approval: because the Book and all that it stood for was so detestable, some 2,000 Puritans vacated their usurped benefices rather than accept the altered Book of Common Prayer. The Prayer Book of 1662 is still the official one of the English Church.

PRAISE AND PRAYER

Hallowed be thy Name in RECREATION
 God be in my limbs and in my leisure.
 Hallowed be thy Name in GOVERNMENT
 God be in my plans and in my deciding.
 Hallowed be thy Name in SUFFERING
 God be in my pain and in my enduring.
 Hallowed be thy Name in COMMERCE
 God be at my desk and in my trading.
 Hallowed be thy Name in the HOME
 God be in my heart and in my loving.
 Hallowed by thy Name in EDUCATION
 God be in my mind and in my growing.
 Hallowed by thy Name in INDUSTRY
 God be in my hands and in my making.
 Hallowed be thy Name in the ARTS
 God be in my senses and in my creating.
From plaques on the walls of Old Coventry Cathedral

"Lo, I am with you always . . ."

MOON COMMUNION

MANY OF US remember the astronauts reading from the Bible on Christmas Eve as they sped toward the moon, but I suspect that few of us knew what Buzz Aldrin, a devout Episcopalian, relates below:

"On the day of the moon landing, we awoke at 5:30 a.m., Houston time. Neil and I separated from Mike Collins in the command module. Our powered descent was right on schedule. With only seconds worth of fuel left, we touched down at 3:30 p.m. . . . Now was the moment for Communion.

So I unstowed the elements in their flight packets. I put them and the Scripture reading in the little table in front of the abort guidance-system computer. Then I called back to Houston. 'Houston, this is Eagle. This is LM Pilot speaking. I would like to request a few moments of silence. I would like to invite each person listening in, wherever and whomever he may be, to contemplate for a moment the events of the past few hours and to give thanks in his own individual way.'

For me, this meant taking Communion. In the blackout I opened the little plastic packages which contained bread and wine. I poured wine into the chalice my parish had given me. In the one-sixth gravity of the moon, the wine curled slowly and gracefully up the cup. It was interesting to think that the very first liquid ever poured on the moon, and the first food eaten there, were consecrated elements.

Just before I partook of the elements, I read the words which I had chosen to indicate our trust that as man probes into space, we are in fact acting in Christ. I sensed especially strongly my unity with our church back home, and with the Church everywhere.

I read: 'I am the vine, you are the branches. Whoever remains in me, and I in him, will bear much fruit; for you can do nothing without me.'—Buzz Aldrin, *Guideposts*



HELL

FEW PHRASES of the Creed receive so confused a hearing as "He descended into Hell . . . He ascended into Heaven;" the language which a moment before was literal ("Was crucified, dead, and buried") becomes symbolic and leaves ordinary human experience far behind. "He descended," not as a man in an elevator, but as a Master who washes his servants' feet. "He ascended," not as a rocket at Cape Kennedy, but as a prince ascends to the throne.

The accounts of Holy Scripture make little of our Lord's physical movement up or down—neither should we. At the Ascension, He was taken up into the cloud which had surrounded Him and the Apostles at His transfiguration and which had been, since Moses' time, the sign of the presence of the Lord God. Before, at His death, He had descended to that state of existence into which all men pass at death. Such is the meaning of the word "Hell" in the Creed, which translates the Greek, "Hades," (equivalent to the Hebrew "Sheol"). The credal Hell (from "Hela," Norse goddess of the dead) has nothing to do with the place or state of everlasting punishment; the Hebrew word for that is "Gehenna" (a

kind of city dump outside Jerusalem during our Lord's time, where fires burned continually). By his descent, our Lord turned Hell (Hades) into Paradise, the home of the Church Expectant, in which those souls departed this life in the true faith and fear of God grow in His joyful service until the eternal victory, and their entrance into the Church Triumphant. —Taddled

CHURCH—NOT DENOMINATION

"THE CHURCH of England is not simply one among many denominations, but rather, in allegiance to the apostolic faith, is an undeniable part and portion of the Catholic Church. Nothing could be more encouraging, as the Church looks forward to the leadership to be provided by a new Archbishop of Canterbury, than to have the striking assurance that he is fully alive to the unique position and responsibility which the Church of England has in this country. It is not a denomination. It is the Catholic Church of the whole land, with a duty from which it dare not abdicate and a mission which it is bound, under God, to fulfil." (1961)

INTEGRITY

Though for no other cause, yet for this: that posterity may know we have not loosely through silence permitted things to pass away in a dream. —Richard Hooker

THE integrity of the Book of Common Prayer as the rule of the worship and life for Churchmen is being threatened on two counts; one theoretical, according to the notions of change and involvement; the other practical, associated with charges that the language of the present text is irrelevant or obsolete. Those threats are dangerous to the doctrine and discipline of the Church.

The notion that liturgy should bend to the wishes of particular times and places is contrary to the nature of liturgy, which is to rescue time and place for eternity and heaven, to recall men to God, and to afford the human creature words worthy to hymn his Creator. To think of liturgy fundamentally in terms of relevancy to the modern world, or to make it turn upon the varieties of changing customs and circumstances, is to strip it of its power to transfigure the present moment and set it within the eternal life of God. The Prayer Book has proved itself to have that power.

IT'S HIGH TIME

A CERTAIN preacher of great oratorical gifts, and greatly loved by his parish, nevertheless used no terminal facilities in his sermons. Often he would go on and on, oblivious of time, "lost in wonder, love and praise" to the great distress of even the most devout among his flock.

The vestry, without informing him in advance, installed a large round clock against the balcony railing, so that as the preacher faced the congregation he could not fail to see the rebuking timepiece.

That installation, however, did not deter him, and the long sermons continued. He began to notice that a number of the brothers and sisters were straining their necks, turning around, glancing over their shoulders, to see what time it was. Consequently, the priest had a sign painter prepare a disc, exactly the size of the clock face, and on it was this verse which the neck-twisting saints beheld: "It is time to seek the Lord." (Hosea 10:12)

The clock was removed forthwith, the preacher mended his wearisome way, and peace reigned once more in Zion. —*Flying Lion*, St. Mark's, Warren, Diocese of Rhode Island

FUTURE

SAVED

I EMBRACED the Catholic Faith from a Protestant background. I did so because I felt that Protestantism was dead if not dying; that was long before the liturgical, biblical, and ecumenical movements. I am not unaware of my own Protestant heritage nor unthankful for it, but I found it fulfilled in the Catholic Faith in ways which otherwise would have been frustrated. I will admit that I have suffered certain frustrations in the Episcopal Church, but they are more directly the result of my own sins and others rather than faults inherent in the Prayer Book and Catholic system. I would not trade the historic Catholic faith of the Anglican Communion for any "coming great Church" in this world. The coming great Church I am interested in is in the next.—From a layman's letter in *The Living Church*.



AN ENGLISH bishop, stopped on the street by a zealous fundamentalist, and asked, "Are you saved, brother," replied, "I wa's saved on Good Friday. I am now being saved, and I hope to be saved."

Past: God the Son came into the world 2,000 years ago to save all men. That is a fact; nothing can be added to its completeness. It cannot be repeated because it is eternally valid and effective, and nobody can come to God except through God's Son, Jesus Christ, now or ever.

Present: God the Holy Ghost has been working ever since in the lives of human beings, and is currently working in us, thereby making available all that Christ won for us and transforming our fallen human nature into the likeness of His own.

Future: The Christian therefore lives not as one who "has it made," but as one who looks for God to help him keep faith unto the end—until the hour of death and Day of Judgment. The honest Christian believes that he has been saved, that he is being saved, and that by God's generosity he will be saved.

GOD

THE WORD FOR GOD comes from the Greek "Theos"; when you put the letter "A" in front of a Greek word it takes on an opposite meaning, so that an "atheist" is a person who believes there is no God. Our word "agnostic" also comes from the Greek; "gnosticism" means knowledge, but when you put the "A" in front of the word, it means without knowledge. An "atheist" is a person who thinks (or is sure) that there is no God; an "agnostic" is one who will tell you that there may or may not be a god—he does not know.

—A parish bulletin

SISTER ACT

A nun was trying to cross a street on which traffic was coming from both directions. A small boy stepped up and helped her to the other side. She thanked him and got the reply, 'Oh that's all right—any friend of Batman is a friend of mine.'—A parish bulletin (One of the religious orders, the Community of the Transfiguration, has a rest home for sisters at Bat Cave, Diocese of Western North Carolina.)

HERITAGE

This kneeling, this singing, this reading from ancient books,
This acknowledgment that the burden is intolerable, this promise of amendment,

This humble access, this putting out of the hands,

This taking of the bread and wine, this return to your place not glancing about you,

This solemn acceptance and the thousand sins that will follow it, this thousand sins and the repenting of them,

This dedication and this apostasy, this apostasy and this restoration,

This thousand restorations, and this thousand apostasies,

Take and accept them all, be not affronted nor dismayed by them.

They are a net of holes to capture essence, a shell to house the thunder of the ocean,

A discipline of petty acts to catch Creation, a rune of words to hold One Living Word,

A Ladder built by men of sticks and stones, whereby they hope to reach the heaven.

Alan Paton



BLESSINGS

LET US BEGIN . . . with an act of thanksgiving to our Father God—we are grateful that He has allowed us to meet once more in His Name and presence; that He has given us during the past year the strength that was required for the task of proclaiming the Good News of peace and redemption; that He has kept alive in us the spark of faith which encourages us as the messengers of His Word and Sacraments; for the gift of grace and for the hope of glory with which the Holy Spirit has flooded our souls, allowing us thus to keep before our eyes the vision of the majesty of the Cross on Calvary despite the darkness that would hide it. For these, and for many other blessings, let us thank the Most High God today.”—The Bishop of Cuba; in an address before his Convocation the day after his wife’s burial

EXCELLENCE

THE LORD Archbishop of Quebec: “Now we are presented with a ‘New English Bible’ which is brought out with a great flourish of trumpets, and which has many undoubted merits. We are reminded, however, of the famous

old story of the curate who was having breakfast with his bishop. The bishop noticed the nervous young man toying with his food and said, ‘I’m afraid you have a bad egg.’ ‘I assure you, my Lord,’ gasped the curate, ‘*parts of it are excellent.*’”

TWO STOUT MONKS

IF ANY PILGRIM MONK shall come from distant parts with wish to dwell in the monastery, and will be content with the customs of the place; and does not by his lavishness disturb the monastery but is simply content; he shall be received for as long as he wishes.

If, indeed, he shall find fault with anything, and shall expose the matter reasonably and with the humility of charity, the Abbot shall discuss it with him prudently lest perchance God hath sent him for this very thing.

But, if he shall have been found contumacious during his sojourn in the monastery, then it shall be said to him, firmly, that he must depart. If he will not go, let two stout monks, in the name of God, explain the matter to him.—St. Benedic’s Rule (in *The Oklahoma Churchman*)

EMERALD ISLE

THE CANADIAN CHURCH owes a lot to the Church of Ireland, not only for sending over some good bishops and priests but also for the large body of laity who have brought their staunch and solid devotion to Canada. One of our members recently had the opportunity to discuss with some Irish priests the current work of revision of their Prayer Book. He was interested to find that proposals for revision in their Communion Service have been greatly influenced by the recently-revised Canadian Prayer Book.

If the Church of England is our Mother Church, then the Church of Ireland is our Grandmother Church—and the Church of Wales is our Great Grandmother. Our Grandmother Church of Ireland does not have an easy time. In 1870 she was disestablished and to a large extent disendowed, and left with many ancient buildings to maintain. The population of the country has been going down; a hundred years ago there were over eight-million inhabitants, but today there are about four-million. The young people from the country have been moving to the cities so that many a rural parish is left with a tiny, but very faithful, congregation, while

the suburbs of the big places need new churches badly. Country parishes have had to be united so that one priest has many small flocks to shepherd and many fine old churches have had to be abandoned.

There are now signs of a turn for the better. Some industries have moved into the south; and young people are now marrying earlier and so may have bigger families. (For a long time marriage has been strangely late both among Roman Catholics and non-Romans.) There are many evidences of new life in the towns: streets of new houses, new factories, and the like. The bitter feeling between the Roman Catholics and others is passing away. Conferences between Romans and Anglicans are taking place.

Ireland is a lovely land and a good place to go for a holiday. If you do go, see that you support your Grandmother Church while you are there. Visit her fine old cathedrals, tucked away sometimes in tiny villages and small towns. See also the several big noble ones in Dublin, Belfast, Derby, Cork, and other cities. —
Taddled from *The Little Paper*



VIA MEDIA

ENGLISH RECORD

IT IS INTERESTING to notice that the Anglican finds himself divided from Rome on the matter of the historic episcopate by considerations very different from those which divide him from most of the Protestant bodies deriving from the Reformation and subsequent post-Reformation schisms. When the Anglican discusses the matter with a Roman Catholic both are agreed on the necessity of episcopal succession, but disagreed about the question whether in fact the Anglican Communion possesses it. In discussion with his Protestant friends the Anglican finds that they are not disposed to question the fact that the Anglican Communion has retained the episcopal succession, rather they insist on denying its necessity and importance. He finds himself divided from the Romans . . . about a question of historical fact, and divided from the Protestants about the basic theological question of the proper definition of the Church Militant. The two controversies are very different from each other and it is obvious that the theological issues at stake in the second controversy are of much more profound nature than the historical issues at stake in the first controversy.

THE REV'D BARTHOLOMEW EDWARDS, Rector of Ashill, Norfolk (Province of Canterbury), England, was born in 1789, was graduated from St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1811—the year that George IV became Regent. He was patron of his own living (he could say what priest was to have charge of the church), which he entered upon in 1813—two years before the Battle of Waterloo; he held it until his death, 21 February 1889, when he was within ten days of the completion of his one hundredth year. *The (London) Guardian*, in speaking of his death, called him “a very active man, and a strong supporter of the S.P.G. [The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel] He took part in the two services held in his church (dedicated to St. Nicholas, Bishop) on Christmas Day (1888), and afterwards called on some of his parishioners to present his Christmas salutations.” Rector of the same parish for 76 years, and active to the very end!

PARTY LABELS

We must be conservative toward God and liberal toward men. Horror results when we confuse the two.

THE ANGLICAN DIGEST AMERICAN RECORD

To the Glory of God and in
memory of

Richard Mansfield, D.D.

Born in New Haven, A.D. 1724

Graduated at Yale College 1741

Ordained Priest by the Archbishop of
Canterbury, August 7th, 1748.

Placed in charge of this Parish by the
Society for the Propagation of the
Gospel in Foreign Parts
in 1748.

Continued

Rector of the Parish for

72 years, and until his death,

which occurred in Derby, April 12, 1820

At age 96 years.

From a tablet in the Church of St. James, Derby, Connecticut

HERITAGE

Through the ages and around the globe many thousands have gone to Church with the Prayer Book, prayed its prayers, sung its praises to God, kept its silences, entered into its moods, fasted when it bade them fast and feasted when it called them to rejoice. They have drawn strength from the deep wells of its refreshing streams; and have gone to rest at night with its powerful words making melody in their hearts; and they have passed to that other rest, at the last, upheld by its assurance of the love of the Eternal One who is the Giver of Life. —John Wallace Suter

LOVE SONG

I KNOW the dangers of pride, but it happens that I love the Episcopal Church, and despite the desirability of Christian unity, I secretly hope that I may die in her untransplanted arms. I love her, not conditionally, not with calculation, not with careful reservations, but freely, joyfully, wholeheartedly.

I love her doctrine, her emphasis on sound learning, her devotion to Scripture and tradition, and the glorious prose of her Prayer Book. I also love the freedom which she grants her children, her openness to the new, and her breadth of humanity.

I love the bright young families proudly ranged in their pews on Sunday morning, and the sparse little congregations on weekdays whose hushed devotion to their Lord is an almost palpable radiance. I love her old priests whose eyes show the compassion learned in a lifetime, and her young priests who are sure that the world can be won in five years, at the most.

I love the names of her heroes—Laud, Hooker, Cranmer, Pusey, King, Gore, Weston, Seabury, Breck, DeKoven, Kemper, Rowe—and a hundred others, in-

cluding some private ones of my own.

I love the letters to Church magazines which begin, "Dear Sir: It is high time . . ."; the solemn nonsense with which launches a new project; the billowing sleeves of the bishops' rochets; and the whole mad range of possible headgear that clerics may wear. I love even the battered Prayer Books in the pew racks that so often turn out to be hymnals.

I love the eccentric old ladies who dress according to the liturgical color of the season; the uproarious stories about departed dignitaries that are told wherever priests gather and have time for small talk; the hands of young and old reverently raised to receive the sacrament of Our Lord's Body and Blood; the sacristy portraits of bearded ecclesiastics; the dusty, dry tracts in church vestibules offering earnest advice that everybody needs and nobody wants.

I really can't help it. I feel that everybody ought to be an Episcopalian, but others may feel as strongly about their churches as I do about mine. I know that I love the Episcopal Church, that I am sworn and bound to her, and that I'm glad of it. It isn't denominational loyalty or sectarian spirit—it's love. —A parish priest

A Gilbert & Sullivan Parody . . . for Episcopalians

WE ARE THE VERY MODEL OF TODAY'S EPISCOPALIAN

We are the very model of today's Episcopalian,
We're broad and high and low and wide and somewhat baccanalian,
We're mystical, political, we're secular and clerical;
We can be charismatic but we seldom get hysterical.
We're traditional and modernist and socialist-monarchical;
We're protestant and catholic but not too hierarchical;
About ordaining women we are teeming with a lot of views
As well as on the Prayerbook that our Bishops say we gotta use.

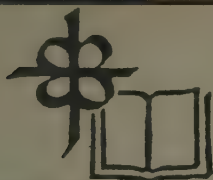
Chorus: As well as on the Prayerbook that our Bishops say we gotta use,
etc.

We're prosperous. By daily work our stewardship is merited,
Abetted by the little bit that some of us inherited;
In monetary matters we are very economical;
The portion that we give the Church is best described as comical.

Chorus: In monetary matters we are very economical; the portion that
we give the Church, etc.

We're very well acquainted too with matters ecumenical,
In spite of being vague about our vows catachumenical.
A knowledge of our church remains to most of us a mystery.
(Someday we'll take the time to learn our heritage and history!)
Don't ask us what we mean with our responses doxicological;





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SIGMUND FREUD'S
CHRISTIAN
UNCONSCIOUS
VITZ



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Taking the Word to Heart

Self & Other
in an Age
of Therapies



Robert C.
Roberts

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They sound so grand they must mean something highly theological!
In short, we've just a smattering of elementary Sunday School,
Including cheerful facts about the meaning of The Golden Rule.

Chorus: Including many cheerful facts about the meaning of the
Golden Rule, etc.

For our theologic knowledge, though we're open and adventury,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century;
But still in matters practical that we all dabble daily in,
We are the very model of today's Episcopalian!

Chorus: But still in matters practical that we all dabble daily in, we are
the very model of today's Episcopalian, etc.

We are the very model of today's Episcopalian!

We do our work while modestly proclaiming our own praises in
Committee and Convention. We're a competent and cheerful band.
Get four of us together and you'll always find a fifth on hand.

We're known for our diversity and heterogeneity,
(Please don't confuse that funny word with sexual spontaneity!)

On controversial subjects you will seldom find that two agree;
Episcopalians are each the World's Leading Authoritee.

Chorus: Episcopalians are each the World's Leading Authoritee, etc.

We're educated, talented, creative, and professional;

So proud of our humility we don't need the Confessional.

We are very open-minded in all matters strange and alien;

We're very narrow-minded towards another 'piscopalian!




Chorus: We're only open-minded on all matters strange and alien;

We're only narrow-minded towards another 'piscopalian.

St. Luke's Church, Fort Myers, Diocese of Southwest Florida



SIGNS AND SEASONS

SIGNS HAVE always been a means of communication. We find them on highways to speak of hills curves, and crossings; on lakes and waterways to warn of danger, keep boats out, and tell us that no skiing is allowed; we use signs to help us multiply, add, subtract, divide, and equal; we use them to make sentences of the words we write: — ?" & . ! Chemists have a group of signs: botanists, musicians, cattlemen, weathermen, card players, copyreaders—they all have signs. Such signs are sometimes called glyphs (from a Greek word for "carved," an early form of writing). Glyphs were developed to identify the twelve divisions of an imaginary belt of stars through which the sun and moon and principal planets moved every year. Because the constellations (groups of stars) were usually named after animals  Aries, ram;  Taurus, bull;  Gemini, twins; etc.), the belt became known as the zodiac (a circle of animals), and the accompanying glyphs known as the signs of the zodiac. There are signs for the four seasons of the year—spring, summer, autumn, and winter. The word SEASON

comes from "sowing time," which would be spring, and therefore *the* season.

SPRING comes from the springing [up] time, when vegetation rises or puts out its buds: new life coming forth.

SUMMER is the sun's year, the longest season of all when the earth opens up and is in fullest bloom.

AUTUMN comes from *augere*, to increase: the period of ripening or fruiting, and the fall of seed to the earth.

WINTER comes from "wet" days, when people huddled in a house as protection against cold, wind, and snow.

The CROSS which is used in one form or another by every operation at Hillspeak was designed as an ornament for the American Type Founders by Johannes Troyer, a Tyrolean, who studied art in Austria and Germany and worked as a letterer, calligrapher, and illustrator for Austrian, German, and Swiss book publishers. With the invasion of the Nazis, he fled from Austria to the principality of Liechtenstein (62 sq. mi.), where he designed postage stamps; he came to the United States in 1949. The Troyer ornament was especially suited to the Episcopal Book Club: the CROSS is the symbol of the resurrection of our

Lord and therefore the universally recognized sign of anything Christian; the loops in this instance stand for the four seasons of the astronomical year—spring, summer, autumn, and winter, when the EBC sends books to its members; moreover, the loops show that everything begins and ends with God, the author and finisher of our faith. The Hillspeak or Four Seasons Cross, as it is sometimes called, with a longer pendant is used by *The Anglican Digest*. ■



Watering down the doctrines of the Church, and playing down its practices established by centuries of experience, will not, any more than social gimmicks or economic concerns, attract people, young or old, to Christ and His Church; only unswerving faith and holiness in daily living can do that job. —*From a priest's letter*

REFLECTION . . .

ARCHBISHOP ROBERT RUNCIE speaking at the worldwide gathering of Anglican bishops in Canterbury: "St. Augustine came to England over 14 centuries ago to Christianize this island. Who according to the world reckoning would have thought that he and his few companions would survive in the midst of a somewhat savage paganism? But this great cathedral standing at the place to which Augustine came with fear and trembling in human weakness, but in the power of Christ, stands as a witness to the immeasurable greatness of his power in us who believe."

A COMMENDATION

INTO thy hands, O Father and Lord, we commend this night our souls and our bodies, our homes and families, neighbours and kindred, our benefactors and friends departed, all folk rightly believing, and all who need thy pity and protection: light us with thy holy grace, and suffer us never to be separated from thee, O Lord in Trinity, God everlasting. *Amen*.

—Taddled from
The Cuddeston Office Book

PREACHING

SERMONS seem to be preached more often than not for no other reason than that some sort of talk is expected, merely to occupy ten or fifteen minutes with vague religious discourse. They are generally designed to please the hearers, or to interest them, or to give them good advice, or to plead for money for some cause or other, or illogically, to complain about the apathy apparent among the Christian folk who are not there. At best the majority of such sermons may be discounted as futile, or perhaps "infertile" is the more accurate term.

Seldom is heard a simple and clear exposition of the Christian Faith and Scriptures—one preached with inspiring sincerity because it springs from the priest's own daily practice, one that shows in no uncertain terms how the faith can be lived by twentieth century Churchmen, one that helps them to understand what the Faith is and how it is to be believed and practiced to the soul's health. Through the Faith, faithfully preached, Christ is brought into the everyday affairs of those who hear, and they are brought to Christ so that He can do for them better things than they can desire or pray for.

The congregation should look to its preacher as he stands in the pulpit as a priest of the Church, commissioned to declare the message committed to that man's care by God Himself. Those who listen should hear through the preacher's voice and person, the message of God. The prophets of old were never afraid to give voice to "Thus saith the Lord . . ." Their present-day successors might be as bold.—Taddled from the New Westminster (Province of British Columbia) *Anglican News*

ECUMENISM

DO CHURCHES suffer because of their separation? Protestants already move easily from one denomination to another, and Roman Catholics are rapidly discovering that their own Church is flexible enough to tolerate a variety of views without causing schism. "It may be that we're developing a kind of ecumenicity of mutual impoverishment," warns Lutheran church historian Jaroslav Pelikan of Yale. "Maybe we're simply saying that since neither of us believes very much any more, we might as well unbelieve together." Indeed, the fundamental question still facing Christians is not when or how they should unite, but why.—Taddled from *Newsweek*

ODE TO PEWS

FOR THIRTY years I have addressed my old friends, the pews, as "Dearly beloved," and during that time they were always there, patient, never whispering, fussing or talking. They never fanned themselves with the service leaflet or scowled when the priest mounted the pulpit. They did not sing but they quietly held the hymnals and did not look bored. On Christmas and Easter when the church was filled, they meekly accepted their lot and did not grumble on the Sundays after when they again were the chief worshippers.

Can pews really have personality, a spiritual life, or the power to witness? Perhaps. Some of them undeniably developed a close personal relationship with certain parishioners who would sit nowhere else. They were continually instructed in things spiritual, showed as much progress as some members of the congregation, and never backslid. As to witness, they were in church every Sunday and carried their share of the load.

I wonder how many sermons I have prepared for those pews. Now we are to have new ones. Maybe the younger generation will not suffer the same dry kind

of preaching, and perhaps they will not develop termites as the old ones did. Anyhow, with all their faults, I mourn the passing of my old friends. —A retired priest; Taddled from a parish paper



"I THINK it was old Bishop Gumperson who said that on visitations he always looked over the priest's library to see what year the man died." —The Bishop of Montana

ST. JOHN 10:9

IN THE early times you would not enter the red doors of a church if you were a soldier in pursuit of an enemy and your enemy entered those red doors. The red doors were a symbol of refuge and sanctuary for any and all who entered. No blood could be shed beyond those doors. The red blood of Christ had already been shed to save those who came to Him. Just as the Angel of Death passed over the doors that had the red blood smeared on them, so, too, the soldiers would pass over those who entered the red doors. Those who entered were safe as long as they stayed behind the red doors.

And you entered those red doors if you were in need of sanctuary—both physical and spiritual. It was behind those doors that the blood of Jesus and of all the martyrs would protect you from physical and spiritual evil.

It is your Rector's prayer that the newly painted red doors will likewise be a symbol of invitation to all who see them; that they may come through those doors in faith and find a sanctuary of peace, refuge and salvation from the evil world.

I pray that our red doors will be a beacon for all to see and that they may know that behind those doors is holy ground. It is here that the red fire of the Holy Spirit has purged this place and made it clean. And, finally, I pray that as the color of the Holy Spirit is red, so this parish family will forever be on fire for the love of Jesus Christ; that we may live and witness that love; and that we may lead others through our red doors—into the Real Presence of Christ.—The Rev. Donald Castle, Rector, Calvary, Lombard, Diocese of Chicago



GOD'S BIDDING

THE CHURCH of which we are the priests and members puts forth definite claims to do, by an Apostolic Ministry, what God has bidden the Church to do. They are to administer the sacraments—sacraments which profess to be a reality; a Baptism which regenerates; a Holy Eucharist which gives the threefold blessing of the presence of Christ by means of the sacramental Presence, and of union with Christ resulting to the penitent believer; to train up children with true Christian training; to preach the Gospel to sinners, and to have the power to bind and to loose, in the Name of God and by His commission, the sin-stricken soul; in an age of materialism to present the supernatural world with all its hidden powers, to the acceptance of mankind; to preach chastity, honor, honesty, family life, and patriotic earnestness to the people; to visit the sick; to clothe the naked; to comfort prisoners; to soothe the dying; and to bear witness to the invisible bonds which bind the dead in one Communion.

—James DeKoven in 1876

MY CHURCH

I HAVE no simple formulas for examination of the Episcopal Church today. I will stay with it through thick and thin, defend it to the death, criticize it in love, and invite others aboard. I do so unapologetically because God gave me this Church 28 years ago and it has saved my life and soul. Even when it takes some strange turns and turns out some strange people, whose church doesn't? I may be one of them!



THE DIFFERENCE

ASKED THE difference between a Bishop Suffragan (an assistant who does not automatically succeed the diocesan bishop) and a Bishop Coadjutor (who does), the IX Bishop of Chicago explains that, "In the morning, the Suffragan Bishop says to the Diocesan, 'Good morning, Bishop. What would you like me to do today?' But the Bishop Coadjutor says, 'Good morning, Bishop. How are you feeling?'" — St. Mary Magdalene, Villa Park, Diocese of Chicago



THE ANGLICAN DIGEST

THE SON OF GOD

"I 'M READY TO ACCEPT JESUS as a great moral teacher, but I don't accept his claim to be God." That is the one thing we must not say. A man who was only a man and said the sort of things Jesus said would not be a great moral teacher. You must make your choice. Either this man was, and is, the Son of God; or else a madman or something worse. You can shut Him up for a fool, you can spit at Him and kill Him as a demon; or you can fall at His feet and call Him Lord and God. But let us not come with any patronizing nonsense about His being a great human teacher. He has not left that open to us. He did not intend to." C.S. Lewis, *Mere Christianity*.

A PRIEST'S PRAYER

I do not ask
That crowds should throng the temple,
That standing room be at a price;
I only ask that as I voice the message
they may see Christ.

I do not ask
For churchy pomp or pageant,
Or music such as wealth alone can buy;
I only ask that as I voice the message
He may be nigh.

I do not ask
That men may sound my praise
Or headlines spread my name abroad;
I only ask that as I voice the message
Hearts may find God.

A plaque in the sacristy of St. Mary's Church, Templemore, County Tipperary, Church of Ireland. The author is unknown.

ETIQUETTE AT CHURCH

The following is from a former EBC selection, O Ye Jigs and Juleps, written by Virginia Cary Hudson when she was ten years old.

BEFORE I GO INTO the house of the Lord with praise and thanksgiving, I lift up mine eyes unto the town clock from whence cometh the time to see if I am late. It is not etiquette to be late.

Do not hop, skip, jump or slide in the Church vestibule, Tip. Tip all the way to your seat. Be sure and do not sit in other people's pews. Jesus wouldn't care, but other people would. Paying money makes it yours to sit in. The first thing you do is kneel down and thank the Lord for your mother and your father and your breakfast and your lunch and your dinner and your lovely wallpaper and your new pink garter belt. Then you can sit and look around just a little bit. Don't turn around and look. That is not etiquette.

Kneel when you pray, stand when you sing, and sit when you listen. On communion Sunday, take off your right glove and leave it in your pew. Don't wait until you get to the rail and the Body and the Blood comes around. Don't try to drink up all of the wine.



That is not etiquette. Leave some for other people.

Don't lose your place in the prayer book. Bow for the cross and for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. When the choir marches back to the Vestry room and the minister calls out goodbye to the Lord until next Sunday, then you can speak to people.

Etiquette is what you are doing and saying when people are looking and listening. What you are thinking is your business. Thinking is not etiquette. Hallelujah, thine the glory. Revive us again.

PS If you want to stay awake in church, go to bed early Saturday night. You can't go to the Altar rail until you are 12. That is God's etiquette. You can't put on perfume until you are 16. That is Leesville etiquette. After you are confirmed, your sponsors in baptism can't be blamed for what you do. You are on your own then and if the devil gets you, it is your own fault and serves you just right.

Amen and the Lord have mercy.

HOW CATHEDRALS CAME TO AMERICA

CATHEDRALS in America are a direct outgrowth of the Oxford Movement's "high" regard for reclaiming Anglicanism's catholic heritage. Indeed, there were no US cathedrals before the mid-nineteenth century. Cathedrals elevated the episcopacy and early Episcopalians feared prelacy. Nonetheless, the high-church movement spread rapidly, creating numerous Anglo-Catholic parishes by the late 1830s and taking over General Seminary in New York by the 1840s.

Led by Virginia evangelicals, some areas reacted vehemently to what they called "Popish poison." However, newer dioceses on the American frontier were established by high church bishops who designated major parish churches as cathedrals, the first being Grace Church Cathedral, San Francisco, in 1862. The traditionally low-church dioceses, centering in Virginia, do not have cathedrals to this day. Still the new foundations flourished with the trappings of English cathedrals, including deans and boy choirs.

In 1892, the Diocese of New York began work on the Cathedral Church of St John the Divine, still being built. Three years later when the Diocese of Washington was carved from the Diocese of Maryland, the founding laymen sought a bishop who would build a national cathedral. They elected Henry Yates Satterlee, rector of Manhattan's Calvary Church, an articulate, eucharistically centered Churchman. His views of worship, episcopacy, and ecumenical and mission outreach were informed by the Oxford Movement's thorough influences on General Seminary where he had studied.

Almost concurrently, architects and artisans built and rebuilt churches and cathedrals to heighten mystery and make central the celebration of the Holy Communion.

The historical process led to high altars set a great distance from the worshippers, to the use of color and shadow, to rich vestments and grand ceremony. All of it stressed mystery, surrounding the Eucharist with an aura of other-worldliness. Moreover, the Victorian revival of church music, particularly medieval forms, further supported the evolving picture.

When you are next in Washington's Cathedral Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, ask one of the guides to show you the Glastonbury Cathedra, on the north, or gospel, side of the sanctuary. The cathedra, or bishop's throne (two wooden thrones are attached to the choir stalls and one of them is used by the Presiding Bishop), is made from stones of the sixth-century Glastonbury Abbey, which church, according to tradition, was founded in A.D. 43 by Joseph of Arimathea. (Tradition also has it that the bodies of King Arthur and his Guinivere were buried there.) On the back panel of the cathedra you will find the words HOLY SCRIPTURE AND APOSTOLIC CREED ✠ HOLY SACRAMENT ✠ AND APOSTOLIC ORDER — the four points of the Chicago-Lambeth Quadrilateral, which the Church declared to be the minimum basis of Christian unity and which the donor of the cathedra (Mr. Stanley Austin, in 1901, when Henry Yates Satterlee was bishop) requested to be carved thereon as a "witness to the continuity of the Anglican Church." In the course of your tour, you will probably be shown (or must ask to see) the stately and inspiring Chapel of St. Joseph of Arimathea, immediately under the crossing (where the transepts, nave, and



chancel meet, and where the body of General Eisenhower rested) and between the enormous pillars which hold up the now-completed 301-foot Gloria In Excelsis Tower. By looking closely, you'll see in the chapel floor the stones which may be raised for entrance to a burial vault beneath. By congressional charter, the cathedral church is allowed to bury there four bodies a year.

REMINDER

As the seminary is, so will the priest be,
 As the priest is, so will the parish be,
 As the parishes are, so will the Church be.
 —The Piedmont Churchman

Who founded the Church?

IT WAS CHRIST, NOT HENRY



AS ANOTHER General Convention passes on its way, we return to the never-ending chore of refuting the old belief that Henry VIII broke with Rome in 1534 and made himself head of the new Church.

That Tudor monarch was many things for which his memory must be loathed: a murderer, a "pillager" of the Church, a ruthless tyrant, a thoroughly immoral man. But unless he performed a greater miracle than the parting of the Red Sea waters, *he could not possibly have founded a new Church*. He would have had to have been more than 1,400 years old, at the time, to have done that.

What did happen is that Henry VIII pillaged a very old Church—that part of Christ's One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, which was first planted in ancient Britain (modern England) before 100 A.D.

No, that wretched Henry VIII did not "create" a new church. The break was a rupture between a self-serving monarch and the Pope. There was no "new" church, but simply a refusal to recognize any longer the Pope's internal power in the "old" Church. The

ancient, apostolic church in England, in every other respect—its services, bishops, parish priests and church life—continued as before.

No serious Christian—Roman Catholic, Anglican, Eastern Orthodox or Protestant—can take any pleasure in the terrible "cleavage" existing today within the One Body of Christ. A divided Christendom brings only sorrow to our Blessed Lord, I believe. Indeed, a "family quarrel" is a terrible thing. Essentially, that is what divides Anglicans and Roman Catholics. The Episcopal or Anglican Church holds the same Catholic creeds, cherishes the same seven sacraments, teaches the same sacred duties (attendance at the Sunday Eucharist), observes 90 percent of the same holy days, keeps similar days of abstinence and fasting, treasures the same sacred scriptures.

We believe our Lord Jesus Christ to be Perfect God and Perfect Man, our King and Saviour. Our deacons, priests and bishops are educated and ordained similarly. Our sisters and male religious take the same vows

of poverty, chastity and obedience. Their communities even bear some of the same names.

Pray with me and work that we may hate old prejudices and love Christian charity—that someday we all may be visibly one in Christ.—The Bishop of Northern Indiana



FEELING BORED?

A YOUNG boy complained to his father that most of the church hymns were boring to him—too far behind the times, tiresome tunes and meaningless words. His father put an end to the discussion by saying, “If you think you can write better hymns, then why don’t you?” The boy went to his room and wrote his first hymn. The year was 1690, the teen-ager was Isaac Watts. “When I Survey The Wondrous Cross” and “Joy To The World” are among almost 350 hymns written by him. Feeling bored? Let the world remember you for 300 years!—Richard Jones, Parish Bulletin, Good Shepherd, Wailuku, Diocese of Hawaii

SONG FOR A GODCHILD

She leans against the font, the
little one,
Waiting for the water and the
scallop shell of quiet
And the priest’s fingers making a
Cross.
Waiting for a name.
She has no name in all the
world.
Thus saith the Lord
With a song of silver trumpets
She is Mine.
I will lend her for a season
And I will call her home by her
name
Which I have imagined in My
eternity.
This one
Of all My myriads
My thousands
And My ten thousands
Whom I call to Life and Death
and Resurrection
One by one
Before time was
This one is forever.

—Anonymous



A Church marrying the spirit
of the age in one generation
will be a widow in the next.—
Dean Inge

THE SUNDAY THE FOX OPENED

THOUGH I COULD NOT have known it at the time, a momentous event in my faith journey occurred on a Sunday evening in 1963 in Greenville, South Carolina, when, in defiance of the State's archaic Blue Laws, the Fox Theater opened on Sunday. Seven of us made a pact to enter the front door of the church, be seen, then quietly slip out the back door and join John Wayne at the Fox.

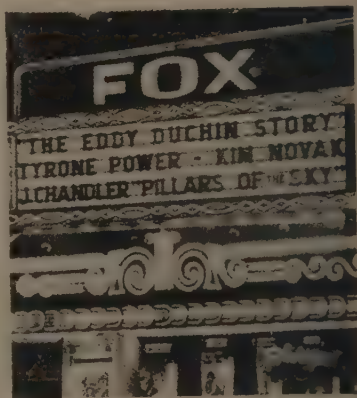
Only lately have I come to see how that evening symbolizes a watershed in the history of Christianity in the United States. On that night, Greenville, South Carolina—the last pocket of resistance to secularity in the Western World—gave in and served notice that it would no longer be a prop for the Church. If Christians were going to be made in Greenville, then the Church must do it alone.

There would be no more free passes for the church, no more free rides. The Fox Theater went head-to-head with the church to see who would provide ultimate values for the young. That night in 1963, the Fox Theater won the opening skirmish.

In taking me to Church, my parents were affirming everything that was American. Church was, in a sense, the only show in town. Everybody else was doing it. Church, home, and state formed a vast consortium working together to instill Christian values. People grew up Christian simply by growing up American.

All that ended the night that the Fox Theater opened on Sunday.

—William Willimon



When the disciples asked our Lord to teach them to pray, He did not give them a lecture or a pamphlet to study; He gave them a prayer to be said. One learns to worship and pray by doing it far more than by considering and discussing it.

—Prayer Book Studies XV

AUX ARCS

PRAYER BOOK

THE "Believe It or Not" town of the Ozarks, Eureka Springs, is scattered over twenty hills which are divided by nineteen canyons and ravines; it has 238 streets and trails, 54 miles of rock retaining walls that parallel streets and contours, 63 springs within the city limits, a million trees (115 species) and 254 different kinds of wild flowers within a mile from the post office. There are 16 "S", 50 "U", and 51 "V" street signs, and only six streets have real intersections. The first lawsuit in Eureka Springs came about when a woman sued her neighbor for throwing dishwater down her chimney—it put out the fire, cooled the coffee, and made her husband late for work.

Next to the Authorized Version of the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer is the greatest contribution ever made to English literature. Its language and phrases have become the inheritance of the entire English-speaking world. Not only is it the reflection of the soul of England, but as the Gospel has been extended to other lands, it has gathered to itself the spiritual experience of races and peoples of many different varieties of culture and tradition. It is a record of Christian progress up the hard pathway of human life as it slowly yields to the gentle Lord's message to all mankind.

—The Rt Rev Frank E. Wilson

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?



The emblem is copied from a tomb in the catacombs of Rome. It is a Christian symbol and represents three things. What are they? The answers are given below, but see if you can't come up with them on your own.

1. The rope circle, having neither beginning nor end, signifies the eternity of God. 2. The intertwining of the three fishes signifies the Holy Trinity. 3. The early Roman Church made extensive use of the Greek language (for a long time it was the official language of the State). The Greek word for fish is *i-ch-th-u-s*, and its five letters stand for IESOUS CHRISTOS ITEOU SOTER—"Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour."—Tadded from Sunday

ORDINARY

WE'VE made a grand discovery,
 Resulting from research
 Through all the institutions
 Of a varicolored Church;
 Amid the impressarios
 Of liturgies discrete,
 The neo-theologians,
 And moralists off-beat.
 The parson exhibitionists.
 And modern breakers-through,
 Who seek a notoriety
 In everything they do,
 We found the rarest cleric
 Of our many living days:
 An ordinary clergyman
 With ordinary ways.
 THIS ordinary clergyman,
 Of ordinary view,
 Accepts his Christianity
 As workable and true.
 He keeps the ten commandments,
 And he venerates the Creed,
 For when he utters 'I believe,'
 He really does, indeed.
 The statutory services
 He follows every day,
 And still maintains his parish
 church
 A place wherein to pray;
 And also, though to mention it
 I hardly like to dare,
 He has a high opinion
 Of the Book of Common Prayer.
 HIS name is never in the lights,
 His works are rarely shown,

And, even in the Diocese,
 He's very little known;
 Except to his parishioners
 Who think him, in the end,
 An ordinary Vicar,
 And an ordinary friend.

—S. J. Forrest



SANS PARENTS! (1972)

■ I wonder if any others have noticed that many advocates of Services for Trial Use always refer to our Book of Common Prayer as "the 1928 Prayer Book." It has really become a code word with them. To listen to some of them you would almost believe that our American Book of Common Prayer appeared in 1928 like Melchizedek without parents. Any one who has studied the matter at all can easily trace the revisions of the Book of Common Prayer to 1549.

NO SNACK BAR

IT HAS become accepted opinion by a great many people that to be "relevant" the Church must change everything that she is, does, says, or has. Many of our contemporaries do not like to go to Church so to "reach" them in a "meaningful" way, the Church must get out of her "museum-like" buildings and minister to people "where they are." What the heralds of newness do not seem to realize is that this has always been the Church's way. What they are doing is confusing worship with doing "all such good works as thou hast prepared for us to walk in." Neither one, worshipping and doing, is sufficient in itself to merit definition as "the Church's business." All too often, the suggested cure-for-what-ails-Holy Mother Church is plain nonsense. "Home Celebrations" or "House Masses" are glowingly described as being "so much more gutsy"—whatever that is. They're usually billed as "ecumenical," which, when investigated, means "come one, come all," and friends, that is still against the canons, rubrics, and teaching of the Church. Such things bespeak what a Roman Catholic woman referred to, in criticizing trends in her Church, as a "lunchbox attitude toward

the Eucharist," and "relegating the Ten Commandments to household hints." Caustic comments about Church buildings are hurled about with abandon. Unthinking people listen, cluck agreement, and lend the weight of numbers to the proclamations of absurdity.

We are approaching that wonderful, but trying, period of building our parish church. Because of the lay of the land, the existing buildings, and most of all, the spirit of our people, we are committed to the traditional type of building. Admittedly, the traditional is becoming more and more and more an oddity.

Our building is to have the orthodox and useful-for-teaching architectural features of nave, chancel, and sanctuary, which represent the Church Militant, the Church Expectant, and the Church Triumphant. Yes, it is formal: and, the chancel separates the faithful from the altar somewhat, just as Paradise stands between the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant, a fact which some folks would like to forget. God's altar is not a snack bar, and should not be treated as one; the Holy Eucharist is not a block party, and we do not intend to have it so. —A parish bulletin



The following is a condensed version of a longer article. TAD will send, free of charge, the complete text to any person who requests it. Write Editor, P.O. Box 11887, St. Louis, MO 63105.

A Goal For the Dying . . .

CARE OF THE LIVING

by *Taschia Ann*

YESTERDAY, I WENT TO look at a Hospice care unit for the terminally ill at the Howard Young Medical Center. This was the final step of a long series of events that started six months ago; actually it started four and a half years ago. You see, I am a patient for the Hospice unit. I have cancer. The four and a half year fight is now consummated in the need to find a place where I can be cared for during the next and final stage of my illness.

I am writing this not so much for the families of the terminally ill, but for the persons who have to deal with this reality just as I do. There is a need for frank, clear talking among those of us who have to sort out this reality—one that states what the final goals of life are. "We" are not a part of the population that is facing old age and failing health which leads to the inevitable last step; nor are we one of those who willingly chose a path or life style

which will knowingly end with death. "We" are those who have contracted a disease that places us and our families in a not so rare situation today.

I wish to clarify the term family. Today family does not only mean the blood relatives we have. It also includes friends from various aspects of our lives; neighbors, church members, professional colleagues, etc. Each of us has to place in that group the people we consider we are close to.

When we are presented with the facts of a terminal disease, how do we respond? Each of us has to go through a period of grief which includes the stages of anger, remorse, depression; and then we go slowly on to resolution. It seems that we can handle this reality better if we do not try to deal with it all at once, if we allow ourselves time to think about little parts of the whole picture before we try to look at it

in its entirety. If we take the steps toward resolution slowly, we can try to avoid the overpowering feeling of blame toward everyone and everything in our lives for this terrible set of circumstances; including God and heaven knows what else and who else. We have the option to take this time and use it. Although our lives have not stopped, we can no longer complete the same kind of jobs we did before. This does not mean the end of our work. It only means that our goals have changed and we need to look at what needs to be done now. There is a new job to complete. Now is the time to go forward and deal with this final stage in our lives with dignity and caring.

A goal for the dying; to help care for the living. Five goals:

1. **Help your family understand your decision.**
2. **Let your family help you.**
3. **Let your family see you continue to be constructive.**
4. **Let your family be aware of your wishes for burial.**
5. **Let your family know all the facts about your illness.**

I labored that the external worship of God in this Church might be kept up in uniformity and decency and in some beauty of holiness and this because, first, I found that with the contempt of the outward worship of God, the inward worship fell away apace, and profaneness began boldly to show itself.

—William Laud, 77th Archbishop of Canterbury (1633–1640)

PROCESSION

THE Reverend Sabine Baring-Gould (1834–1924) wrote *Onward, Christian Soldiers* for the choir of his small English parish to sing in an 1864 “procession with cross and banners”:

*Onward, Christian Soldiers
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before!*

Unfortunately, however, there was still controversy over both processions and crosses, and the Bishop, who strongly opposed “graven images,” wrote tartly “What you are permitting each Sunday verges on the Romish! Please desist!” When the Bishop next visited, Baring-Gould was prepared with a substitute stanza. The choir, without cross, entered singing:

*Onward, Christian Soldiers
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Left behind the door!*

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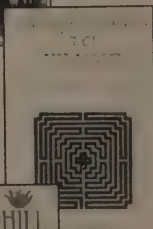


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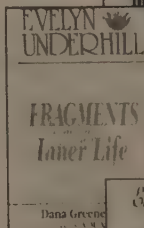
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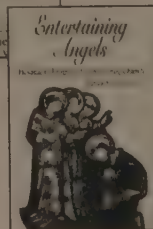
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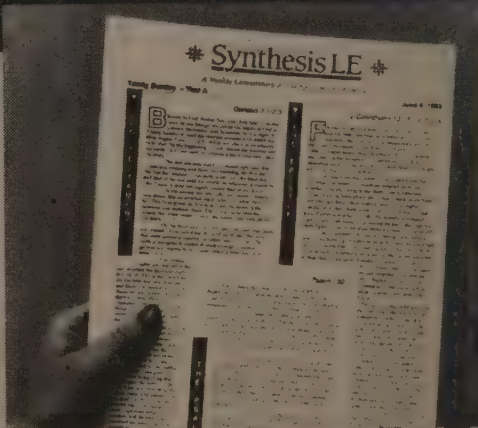
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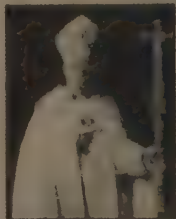


The Archbishop's Voice

THE FIRST CHRISTIANS from the very beginning made startling claims for Christ Jesus, taking over terms from Jewish and Greek sources that might resonate meaning for their hearers. Claims were now made of Him that approximate statements made of Almighty God. Thomas, in the fourth Gospel, falls at the feet of the risen Christ and calls Him "my Lord and my God" because the good news of Christianity calls men and women to meet the living God, and this they do when they meet the One who was sent.

At this point we meet what theologians call the "scandal of particularity." That is, Christianity makes the bold claim that Jesus Christ is so incomparable that we meet God fully in Him. In this particular man, God is known. This does not mean, of course, that God cannot be known in other faiths. Mainstream Christianity treats other religions with respect and allows that God can be known and is known by men and women of non-Christian faiths. We do not deny that in the higher religions of mankind there are glimpses of the divine. But we cannot shift from the conviction that is as old as the New Testament: that God is revealed fully

and finally in the person of Jesus Christ. We know how infuriating and arrogant such a claim must seem to those who sincerely believe that in their scriptures and in their worship God is found and experienced. But we have to say with Paul as he preached to the adherents of other faiths in Athens: "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you" (Acts 17:23). This is the scandal of particularity with which we must live. Christians cannot yield this un-negotiable element in their faith. Only in a personal relationship with Jesus Christ can God be fully known, worshipped, and obeyed.



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 St. Stephen's; Neosho—St. John's.



HILLSPEAKING

BEFORE Hillspeak there was the Silver Cloud Ranch, and before the Silver Cloud Ranch there was already a working dairy farm on Grindstone Mountain, and before the dairy there was the wagon trail, later an auto road, that wound up Bennett Hill and over the morningside of Grindstone on its way from Eureka Springs to Rogers.

The older dairy and the wagon trail, the latter drowned when the White River was impounded to make Beaver Lake, are only memories in the dim recollections of old timers of the depression, and earlier, years.

The embodiment of the Silver Cloud Ranch remains in a weather-beaten, barely legible sign that now hangs in the employees' lounge in the basement of the Big Red Barn. It hung at the junction State Road 23 and County Road 54, the latter now known as Walker Road in memory of Judge William S. Walker, one of SPEAK's first trustees.

Older than the name are the Big Red Barn, built in 1923 at a cost of \$3200; the Calf Barn; the Goose House; Miss Vinnie's Cottage; the Farm House; and the Gazebo or Summerhouse, built over an old cistern into which a

pregnant mare fell and was extricated only with the greatest of difficulty. Older than any of these is the Old Residence, originally a two-room, dogtrot long cabin (inside the present house a corner has been uncovered to show the old hewn logs and the wide chinking, typical of log cabins in the Ozarks).

How old the Old Residence is, nobody knows for sure. In the attic of the present structure which surrounds the cabin there is evidence of a rough shake roof. That and the style, and the whole unpeeled log joists under the original cabin and the hewing marks on the revealed logs all suggest that it was built some time between the 1840s and 1860s. Two magnificent cut-stone fireplaces grace the present living room and the front bedroom, the original rooms of the cabin. Both are functional and were used by the Resident Manager and his wife until they moved to the Farm House (a turn-of-the-century newcomer) a few years ago.

All of the buildings are in daily use. SPEAK's business and circulation offices, Operation Pass Along, and the Howard Lane Foland Library are housed in the Big Red Barn. The Goose House is

the workshop of Hillspeak's gardener. The second floor of the Calf Barn is a shotgun apartment, occupied by SPEAK's retired bookkeeper. Downstairs there is a bedroom and bath for Hillspeak visitors. Miss Vinnie's Cottage (formerly a seed house) and the Old Residence are also used as guest accommodations, with priority being given to those who wish to spend a few days in the Foland Library.

To spend a day or a week among Hillspeak's reminders of the past, write (100 Skyline Dr., Eureka Springs, AR 72632) or call (501-253-9701) the Innkeeper to ask for a reservation application. The guest quarters at Hillspeak are not available to the general public and reservation requests are not accepted by phone. However, your request for a reservation application will be promptly acknowledged.



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